TROY HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 31, 1877.

THE WIDDER GREENE'S LAST WORDS.

"I'm going to die," says the Widder Greene,
'I'm going to quit this airthly scene;
It ain't no place for me to stay
In such a world as 'tis to-day.
Such works and ways is too much for me,
Nobody can't let nobody be.
The girls is flounced from top to toe,
And that's the hull o' what they know.
The men is mad on bonds and stocks,
Swearin' an' shootin' an' pickin' locks.
I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself
Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf.
There ain't a creatur but knows to-day
I never was lunatic any way,
But since crazy folks all go free,
I'm dreadful afraid they'll hang up me!
There's another thing that's pesky hard—
I can't go into a neighbor's yard
To say 'How be you?' or borry a pin,
But what the paper'll have it in:
'We're pleased to say the Widder Greene
Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs. Kene.'
Or, 'Our worthy friend Mrs. Greene's gone
Down to Barkhamstead to see her son.'
Great Jerusalem! cant I stir
Without a-raisin' some feller's fur?
There ain't no privacy, so to say,
No more than if this was judgment day.
And as for meetin'—I want to swear
Every time I put my head in there.
Why, even 'Old Hundred's' spiled and done
Like everything else under the sun;
It used to be so solemn and slow
'Praise to the Lord from men below.'
Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,
Highdiddle diddle! there and here.
No respect to the Lord above
No more'n of he was hand and glove
With all the creeters he ever made,
And all the jigs that was ever played.
I'reachin' too—but there I'm dumb—
But I tell you what! I'd like it some
If good old Parson Nathan Strong
Out o' his grave should come along,
And give us a stirrin' taste o' fire—
Judgment and justice is my desire.
'Tain't all love an' slickish sweet
That makes this world or t'other complete.
But law! Im old! I'd better be dead
When the world's a-turning over my head;
Sperits talkin' like tarnal fools,
Bloles kicked out o' district schools,
Crazy critters a-murdering round—
Honest folks better be under the ground.
So fare-ye-well, this airthly scene
No more'll be pestered by Widder Greene.

—Baltimore Sun.

Lost and Found.

I was a young doctor, not overburdened with practice, when I sat half dozing in my surgery one stifling August afternoon and was aroused by a bustle in the street and a cry, "Here is a doctor! Ring the bell!"

By the time the ring was answered I was wide awake and had my "professional expression" on. Two men came in, and one held in his arms a limp, senseless figure, a boy about three years old, covered with blood flowing from a gash in his head. I took the little fellow in my own arms and carried him to the sofa, while the men brought me water and seemed deeply interested in all my movements.

A broken arm and the deep cut on the head kept me busy some time, but at last my little patient was made comfortable as possible, and was moaning with recovering consciousness.

"Have you far to carry him?" I asked one of the men.

"We don't own him," was the answer. "He was a-running across the street, and a horse kicked him over. Jim, here," indicating his companion, "he picked him up, and I come along to help find a doctor, 'cause him can't read."

"Needn't a-shoved that in!" Jim growled, turning red. "Poor little chap, how he groans!

"I will give him something to quiet him presently," I said, "and will send word to the station-house if his name is not on his clothes."

The men departed, and I lifted my charge once more and went up stairs to my mother's room, over the surgery.

It did not take many minutes to enlist her sympathies, and we undressed the child and put him in her wide bed, hoping to find some mark upon his clothing. There was none, and when I saw this I spoke frankly, "Mother, there is just one chance for the little fellow's life, and that is perfect quiet. He will have fever, probably be delirious, and to carry him to a hospital, or even to his own home, may be fatal. I will send word to the station house, and then—"

"You know I will nurse him, John," my mother said. "If his mother comes, she must do as she thinks best, but until she comes, leave him to me."

I wrote a description of the child's long brown curls and brown eyes, of the delicate suit of clothes in which he was dressed, and sent it to the station. No call being made in three days, I advertised him for a week, and still he was not claimed. It was very strange, for the child's pure, delicate skin and dainty clothing seemed to mark him as the child of wealth.

But while he lay unknown, my little patient was struggling hard for life against fever and injuries. He was dilerious for many days, calling pitifully for "Mamma—pretty mamma!" begging her not to go away, and making our hearts ache by often crying, "Oh, Aunt Lucy, don't beat Freddie! Freddie will be good!" or, "Grandma, grandma, don't!" in cries of extreme terror.

Mother would get so excited with indignation over those cries, that I saw the child had won a fond place in her warm heart.

"He has been ill-treated, John, the pretty darling!" she would say. "I hope the cruel people who could hurt such a baby will never find him again."

She would rock him in her own motherly arms, would spend sleepless nights watching beside him, petting and fondling him till he seemed even in his delirium to know her love, and would nestle up to her for protection against the phantoms of his own fevered imagination.

The second week of his stay with us was closing, and Freddie had regained his reason and was on the road to recovery, when one morning a carriage dashed up to my door, and two ladies alighted.

They were rustling silks of the latest fashion, and were evidently mother and daughter. The young lady was very beautiful, a perfect blonde, and dressed in exquisite taste.

"Dr. Morrill?" inquired the younger lady.

I bowed.

"We called in answer to an advertisement regarding a child, my grandson. You will probably think it strange we have not been here before, but we were obliged to leave town the day before he was lost, and have just returned. The nurse who had him in charge ran away, and while we supposed him safe at home, he has been lying in a hospital, perhaps dying."

"We were nearly distracted on our return," said the young lady, "when we missed our darling, but an inquiry at the station house sent us here. The officer also showed us your advertisement. "Where is our dear child?"

"He is here," I answered, "under my mother's care, and, I am happy to say, doing well."

An unmistakable look of disappointment crossed the faces of my visitors, but the elder one said, "Can we see him, doctor!"

I asked permission to announce their coming in to my mother, and left the ladies alone. When I returned, after some five minutes absence, I was struck by the changes in their faces. The younger one was pale as ashes, and the elder one had a set, hard look of determination, as if nerved by some sudden resolution.

I led the way to my mother's bedroom, where Freddie was in a profound slumber. The younger lady shrank back in the shadow of the bed curtains, but the mother advanced and bent over the child.

There was a moment of profound silence; then, in a hard voice, the lady said, "I am very sorry to have put you to so much trouble, Doctor Morrill. This is not the child we lost."

A heavy fall startled us, and I turned to see the young stranger senseless on the floor. "The disappointment is too much for her. We so hoped to find my grandson."

I did not reply. The delirious ravings of the child were still ringing in my ears as he pleaded with the harsh grandmother and aunt. I did not believe the old lady's statement, but having no proof of the contrary, I was forced to accept it.

Long after my visitors had departed, the beautiful blonde still trembling and white, mother and I talked of their strange conduct.

"It is evident they wish to deny the child," I said.

"I am glad of it," mother replied. "We will keep him, John. He shall have a grandma to love, not to fear."

So summer and early autumn wore away, and Freddie was dear to us as if he had claim of kinship. His rare beauty, his precious intellect, and his loving heart had completed the fascination commenced by our pity for his suffering, weakness and loneliness. He called us "grandma" and "Uncle John," and clung to us with the most affectionate caresses.

We tried in vain, from his childish prattle, to gain some clue to his parentage or relatives. He told us his papa had gone "far, far off," and mamma had "gone to papa;" and so we concluded he was an orphan, and I often heard mother telling him of beautiful heaven, where his parents waited for their little boy.

Of his grandmother and Aunt Lucy he spoke with shrinking fear, and seemed to have an equal dread of Susan, whom we judged to be the nurse. Susan was talking to a tall man, he told us, who boxed his ears and told him to go home, when, trying to escape, he ran under the horse's hoofs and was hurt.

Being blessed with ample means, mother and I had quite decided to formally adopt pretty Freddie when he had been a little longer unclaimed in our house. The convalescence of the child requiring fresh air without too much exercise, I made a habit of taking him with me in my daily drive to visit my patients.

Dennis, my coachman, was very fond of Freddie, and very careful; so I was not afraid to leave my little charge with him while I was indoors, and he was very happy, chatting with the good-natured Irishman, and waiting my coming.

It was early in November, and mother had dressed Freddie for the first time in a jaunty suit of velvet, with a dainty velvet cap over his brown curls, when one morning I sent him out with Dennis until I was ready to start. Looking out, I saw him standing on the pavement, giving Nat, my horse, a long carrot he procured in the kitchen, while Dennis stood near guarding the curly head from any mischief.

I was making my final preparations for departure, when I heard a piercing scream under my window, and Dennis saying, „'Jabers, he's fainted, the crather!"

While Freddie cried, "Mamma—pretty mamma!"

I ran out hastily, to see an odd tableau. Dennis was supporting in his long arms a slender figure in deep mourning, half leaning on the shafts, while Freddie clung to her skirts, sobbing, "Mamma—mamma!"

A few passers-by stood near, making various suggestions, and Nat looked gravely over Dennis' shoulders, as if he could say a great deal if he had the inclination.

"Bring her in, Dennis," I said.

"I'll do that same, sir," was the reply, as Dennis lifted the little figure like a feather weight, and crossing the pavement, came into the surgery. I shut out the curious people who followed, and Freddie clung fast to the black dress, never ceasing his loud cries of "Oh, mamma! It is my mamma come home to Freddie! Mamma—pretty mamma!"

The sound rang through the house, reaching my mother's ears, who was in her room. She came hurrying down the stairs, and entered the surgery just as Dennis deposited his burden in an arm chair. Comprehending the situation at a glance, mother tenderly removed the heavy crape veil and bonnet, loosening a shower of brown curls round a marble white face, still insensible.

"You see, sir," said Dennis, "Maser Freddie had just given the horse the last of the carrot, and was running up and down, when the poor crathur threw up her veil, gave one screech, and would ha' fallen on the ground if the shafts and I hadn't a-cotched her atween us. Do you think, sir, it's his mother?"

At that moment the stranger opened a pair of large eyes, and brown and soft as Freddie's own, and murmured in a faint voice, "Freddie! Did I see my boy?"

Then her eyes fell upon her child, and in a moment she was on her knees before him, clasping him to her heart, kissing him, sobbing over him till mother broke out crying, too, and I was obliged to assume my "professional expression" by sheer force of will.

"Come, come," I said gently, "Freddie has been very ill, and cannot bear so much excitement."

This quieted the mother in an instant, and she rose still holding the child's hand in hers.

"Is it my boy?" she said, looking into my face.

"Freddie," I asked, is this mamma?"

"Yes," said the little fellow, decidedly, "of course it is. My own pretty mamma, come from heaven."

She reeled back at the innocent words, and would have fallen had I not caught her and put her once more in the arm-chair.

"Come from heaven!" she repeated, with ashy lips and gasping breath. "They told me he was dead—my boy, my Freddie—that he was run over and killed—the nurse saw him fall under the horse's feet."

"But, you see, he was not killed," mother said in a gentle tone, "but is well and strong again."

And then, motioning me to keep silent, mother told the widow of the child's injuries and recovery, of his winning ways and our love for him.

"And you kept him and nursed him!" she said, kissing mother's hands. "Oh, what can I ever do for you to prove my gratitude? Freddie, my boy, how you must love the kind lady."

"Yes," assented Freddie, "that's grandma and this is Uncle John," and I was dragged forward.

"I cannot understand it all," the mother said. "Did no one know he was here—my mother-in-law? Will you let me tell you," she added, looking at mother and myself, "how my boy was lost?"

"If you will drink this first," I said giving her a quieting beverage.

She obeyed at once, and taking off Freddie's cap, lifted him to her lap while she told her story. When we saw the two fair faces so close together, any lingering doubt we might have had of the stranger's claim vanished at once. Even in parent and child the resemblance between the woman and her boy was wonderful. The same brown hair and eyes, the same delicate features and complexion, the same child-like expression, marked both countenances. Even, to the pallid, wasted look of recent suffering the resemblance was perfect.

"I must tell you first who I am," our visitor said. "I am the widow of Col. West who died of cholera in Liverpool only two weeks ago. He was taken suddenly and I was telegraphed to come to him. We had parted," she added turning to mother, "because his business had called him to Liverpool, and he was afraid to have Freddie and me go there on account of the cholera. But when I heard he was ill I went to him at once, leaving my boy with my husband's mother and sister. I know they were not very fond of him, but I had no choice. I dared not take him to Liverpool with the cholera raging there, and I had no where else to leave him. I found my husband very ill, but he was recovering, when he had a relapse. He rallied from that, and took cold, I think, or over fatigued himself, bringing on a second relapse that proved fatal.—During all his illness I heard only twice of Freddie—once that he was well, once that he had been killed in the street. I came home only two days ago, and they would tell me nothing of where—he was buried—nothing but the bare fact of his death. I—I—oh, do not blame me!—I was on my way to the river to end it all, when I met Freddie."

Mother looked at me and whispered, "The grandmother who had beat Freddie has driven her mad. Let her stay with me while you try and find out something about her."

"But I have no right to force myself into her private affairs," I said.

"She is Freddie's mother that gives you a right."

It would be tedious to tell in detail all the long conversation that followed; but authorized by Mrs. West, I called upon her husband's lawyer, and there heard her story.

"I think," the lawyer said, confidentially, "that the Wests are the proudest people I ever saw—proud of their family, their money and their beauty. Carroll West was the only son, Lucy the only daughter, when the old man died. He left a considerable fortune, but Carroll has increased his share of it to immense wealth. His mother was very desirous of having him make a great match, and proportionately furious when he married a little, dark-eyed seamstress, of no family in particular, and working for a living."

I thought of the exquisite face, the low, tender voice of Freddie's mamma, and mentally applauded Carroll's choice.

"Carroll," continued the lawyer, "had sufficient good sense to keep up his own establishment until he went into a heavy cotton speculation that called him to Liverpool at the height of the cholera. Then he left his wife and child under his mother's care, and before he went made his will.—Now, doctor," said the lawyer, speaking slowly and with marked emphasis, "that will leaves half his fortune to his wife, half to his child, but in case of the death of the child, the half that is his goes to Mrs. West and her daughter Lucy. If the mother dies, all goes to the child, to revert again to the Wests, if he dies without direct heirs. Do you see?"

I did see. I saw again the hard determined face leaning over the sleeping child, denying him; the weaker woman sanctioning the deceit, but falling senseless in the room. I understood now the disappointment that had greeted the tidings that the child was neither dead nor dying; but recovering. It was all clear to me now, but I shuddered as I recalled the mother's face when she confessed that she had contemplated suicide rather than bear her widowed, childless lot.

We could never tell whether the unnatural grandmother and aunt would have risked a legal investigation. The recognition between mother and child was complete, and the clothing we had reserved was fully identified. Mrs. West did not return to her mother-in-law. For some weeks she was my mother's guest and my patient, being prostrated with a low, nervous fever, and then she took the house next our own, her own claim and Freddie's to Carroll West's property being undisputed.

We were warm friends for two years, and Mrs. West, Sr., with the beautiful blonde, were occasional visitors at the widow's house; but when the violet took the place of crape and bombazine, and I ventured to ask Adelaide West if a second love could comfort her for the one she had lost, and my mother became Freddie's grandmother in truth, when his "pretty mamma" became my wife.

Mrs. West is dead, and Lucy married to a titled Italian, who admired her blonde beauty, but unlike too many of his compatriots, finds the lovely lady full able to take care of her own interest, and guard her money against his too profuse expenditure.

Other children call me papa and Adelaide mamma; but I do not think I give any of them a warmer or truer love than I feel for brown-eyed Freddie, who was "Lost and Found."

A prominent citizen of this place tells us a story that, however incredible it may seem to our readers, is true. Some time ago a farmer in Howard county gave the son of this gentleman a very small pig. It was brought to this place and put into a pen, but the night following the day it was brought over, it made its escape, swam the river and went back to its original home in Howard county, a distance of four miles from the river.—Booneville Topic.